

five O'clock

Rochester's Society Weekly

Vol. 1—No. 9

Rochester, N. Y., June 14, 1924

Ten Cents



MISS DOROTHEA HAUS

(PHOTO BY MORRALL)



Roses, Orchids, Sweet Peas, Daisies
or other flowers may be used in the
Bride's Bouquet, with Lilies of the
Valley for the shower effects.

The Bride and Graduate, during
June, the Anniversary and the
Birthday, all present needs for
graceful flower gifts of significant
charm.

Complete facilities
for church and home
decorations

J. B. Keller Sons
25 Clinton Avenue North

Wedding Breakfasts

Correct and Distinctive
at the

Hotel Seneca



WE SUGGEST THAT YOU SEND *five O'clock* TO:

Those members of the family who have taken up their
residence in other parts.
Out-of-town friends who are acquainted with Rochester
people and interested in Rochester affairs.

Cut out this slip and mail to

five O'clock
600 United Building
Rochester, N. Y.

Send *five O'clock* for six months (26 weeks) at the
introductory price of two dollars (\$2.00.)

Name _____

Address _____

five O'clock

Vol. I—No. 9

PUBLISHED BY THE FIVE O'CLOCK PUBLISHING COMPANY

June 14, 1924

LEON J. McNIERNEY, *Editor*

HENRY W. CLUNE, *Managing Editor*

PHILIP Y. HAHN, *Business Manager*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year \$5; six months \$2.50. Remit by post office order, registered letter, cheque, payable to FIVE O'CLOCK, 600 United Building, Rochester, N. Y. In changing mailing address give old as well as new. NEWS for the current week should be received by 5 o'clock Tuesday.

Immediate and careful consideration will be given to verses, jokes and other material with local color. Contributions not accepted will be returned if postage is inclosed. Address all communications intended for publication to Editor FIVE O'CLOCK, 600 United Building, telephone Main 7577.

Advertising of highest standard alone accepted. Rates on application.

Editorial

THOUGH the donkey and the elephant suckle us a Romulus and a Remus like unto Aeneas for next November, editorials all over the country will nevertheless have it that political chicanery has presented the American People with yet another brace of "les enfants terrible" to vote upon. It is no good for a presidential candidate to try to escape vituperative causerie once he is enveloped in the baleful shadow of the White House. Be he as upright as a hall chair every news scribbler in the country will find matter enough to have a go at him—Does he come from one state in the Union (and according to our laws the poor fellow must) then he is a pawn and his appointment but a monarchical gesture on the part of that state. Does he belong to one class of society (and all men do) then his policy will either be out-at-the-elbows or knickerbockerish or something equally objectionable. Does he belong to one church (and not to would be another shameful matter) then he is a religious fanatic whose monomaniac celestialism will turn the state into an obsequious young acolyte—and so on and so forth. Never by any chance, however, is it inquired in all this drivel whether or not the Democrats or Republicans have hit upon a man who has a sound mind in a sound body.

—L. J. M.

* * *

POLITICS is played in Rochester in a naive and ingenuous manner like unto the technique of politicians in no other place I know. There is a surety about politics here, a certainty of method and device that removes it entirely from the definition by Theodore Parker that "Politics is the science of exigencies." There are no exigencies apparent in Rochester. There are no politicians here, either, save by courtesy of the title. The cachet is heredi-

tary and makes naught of qualification or disqualification; neither is it at all concerned with party affiliations.

Of course, there *are* exigencies in Rochester; we are not yet so extra-universal as to avoid them. But they are met so calmly and so expertly and disposed of with such quiet sureness that we rarely recognize them. We are strong for precedents, and what has gone before and been done successfully, can be done again. Sam Patch is our favorite hero and the words of wisdom that fell from his lips form our guiding motto.

Generalities without specifications are, like Rochester politics, easily misapplied. I must be explicit.

The most constantly utilized exigency at the present time seems to be the lack of immediate funds in the city treasury. We are poor, and in our poverty is found the naive excuse for political turnings in any direction. "My poverty, but not my will, consents" to all sorts of economies and, eke, extravagancies. Nothing more amusing has been witnessed here in several political seasons than the duplex uses of this excuse of poverty.

We have decided to do away with our annual lovely water carnival because it would be too heavy a strain upon the treasury. We had not been told before that this event was of such costly proportions, and we had rather eagerly looked upon it as one of the things that a paternal civic government offered its children as a part of their aesthetic education. Indeed, we are poor!

Out in Toledo a similar condition of civic poverty exists. The exigency there is apparently the same as here. But, behold! how differently it has been treated. There has been no suggestion of curtailment of the community's spiritual needs, such as water carnivals; but, rather, the city officials have decided to lay themselves

off without salary for a month, and thus accomplish a very great economy.

Of course, in Rochester, such a thing would be impossible. The politicians would be ready with convincing figures to prove that the saving in salaries would be overcome by losses in efficiency. But I wonder if in such a case of a general layoff of city officials, there would not be a saving far greater than that represented by mere salaries alone.

* * *

THE sudden and unexpected proposal to erect a city hall in a location not dictated entirely by the powers that be and their appreciations brought another exasperating exigency to the fore. How masterly the whole thing is being handled and how in the spirit of Sam Patch!

The Chamber of Commerce, that Machiavellian compendium of political pod-snappery, started the thing, or established a precedent, when it adroitly voted to leave the whole matter to somebody else. That was typical. Then we had one of those public hearings, which no one thinks it worth while attending because past experiences have taught us their inefficacy, and the embarrassing exigency was disposed of very neatly by deciding to expend some more of the city's money for an "expert" to come and tell us what to do.

In truth, we are very hell on experts! But experts in Rochester flourish and are cut down. I have in my library a very prettily printed plan by experts for a "City Beautiful," but so far as I know, only a very few others in the city remember it. We had a very voluminous expert here to tell us what to do about our school problems and he made a comprehensive and imposing report (By the way, has all of that report ever been made

Continued on page 15

Gleanings

DISCUSSION at clubs and informal gatherings the past week has centered around the London news of bankruptcy proceedings against Eugene A. Goossens, noted composer and musical conductor. Mr. Goossens spent several weeks in Rochester last fall, conducting the first concerts of the season for the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. His premiere with the orchestra brought out a large and brilliant audience that was markedly cordial from the moment the slender young musician stepped on the platform. That same friendly spirit continued through the series of concerts he conducted.

* * *

Not only was Mr. Goossens highly acclaimed for his musicianship, but he was a great social favorite during his residence at the Sagamore. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Coates, who came later in season, were equally popular, but moved with a somewhat older—shall we say agreeably “settled down”—group. But it was the younger set that seized upon Mr. and Mrs. Goossens with joyous interest and plunged them into a series of teas, dinners, dances and motoring parties. Not only were these English people “new,” but they were intensely alive, congenial and eager for companionship. Seeing Mr. Goossens in his immaculate evening dress—sleek, polished, a thorough man of the world—it was hard to visualize him as the plodding worker, struggling through long hours to perfect a faulty score.

* * *

One of the most memorable events of the season was the elaborate dinner given late in October by George Eastman in the Chamber of Commerce for Mr. and Mrs. Goossens just before they returned to England. More than 400 guests heard “our most prominent and influential citizens” pay glowing tributes to the success of the young conductor with the new orchestra. Mrs. Goossens, too, was lauded for her charms. She was radiant in pale green that evening, tilting her blonde bobbed head to talk vivaciously with Mr. Eastman, while she dexterously made inroads on the really good cigarettes provided, to the fascination of the less skilled and less daring watchers grouped beneath the speakers’ table.

[PAGE FOUR]

And now the talented Mr. Goossens is wading through the mire of bankruptcy—with liabilities to the amount of 5,433 pounds sterling, and but 168 pounds assets, according to the statement from London. When I heard that Goossens admits living beyond his means, I wondered whether the fast pace he was set while in town here did not contribute to piling up his accumulating debts. Meantime the many admirers of the gifted young “modernist” are speculating whether the bankruptcy order will affect the return of Mr. Goossens this fall. Before his departure he was engaged to conduct the Rochester Philharmonic in another series of noteworthy concerts.

* * *

The work of Mr. Goossens is recognized favorably in New York, although he never has conducted there. Friends of the composer brought forward the suggestion, the other evening, that he undoubtedly will try for a post as guest conductor in some other city next winter, after his Rochester work is completed. It was pointed out that the remuneration in London is exceedingly small, and, although he is the outstanding figure in the musical world at home, Goossens has no regular post. That fact, with the artistic lack of management and a large family tree (yes, I hear there are three or four little gooses) combined to bring on present difficulties. Since tribulations are supposed to inspire the greatest in art, it may be that bankruptcy will serve only to spur on this promising composer, who has only just reached his thirtieth year.

* * *

And now it is a Frenchman who has given joy to the girls. I notice that the girls with substantial props are harping on the newest decree of Paul Poiret, French fashion dictator, that “thin ankles mean weak knees and tiny brains.”

Following the subject a little further—what brainium giganta many of our women must possess.

* * *

Julia has gone back to Macushla. Wild men are intriguing—but when it comes to wild horses—well, that’s another thing again. Julia Miller of Gorham Street is one of the most ardent of all the equestrians who patronize the Von Lambeck

stables. On a bright Sunday morning early in June, Julie was bidden forth to ride, and unwilling to seem not a good sport, she agreed to forsake the docile Macushla and gallop forth on a charger from the Armory. It chanced that Julie drew a fiery mount—a speedy horse with a tendency to lift all four feet at once and wave them in the air. Julie’s red scarf fluttered wildly in the breeze and still more wildly fluttered the terror-stricken rider. It was on the peak of Cobb’s Hill that I saw Julie and the horse part company. Entered into space—suddenly, are the precise words. There was a clatter of hoofs, Julie clutched her prancing steed by the neck, he ducked, and by the roadside was deposited the Alice-blue hat, the blue coat, the knickers and sundry other items that made up Julie. “I’m off horses for life,” gasped the tattered rider feebly. She sure was off that one.

* * *



Miss Jane Buell and Miss Julia Stebbins, attractive waitresses at the Dobbs Ferry Tea Tent at Avon.

* * *

Wailed a frazzled looking woman on Main Street: “You know I think them colored canes the girls is carrying now looks real stylish, but wouldn’t I be the berries trying to lug one along with Junior, and the roast of beef, and the dog meat and a peck of spinach. No red canes for mine—what I’ll get is a crutch!”

It is quite the thing these days for hostesses to join forces in entertaining, thus performing the double function of discharging social obligations and introducing two groups of congenial friends. An unusually delightful and well-managed affair took place Tuesday afternoon at the Oak Hill Country Club, with Mrs. Henry William Edwards of Rockingham Street and Mrs. Joseph P. Haftenkamp of Dorchester Road as joint hostesses. A large party of guests enjoyed one o'clock luncheon, followed by bridge.

* * *

The Rochester Yacht Club has basked in unwonted calm this spring. (Unwonted, spelled with an "O.") No vigorous youth leaps from his locker feast of six hots and two bottles of pop to query good-naturedly the grey-haired members: "How's a kid—that's good." All because Dick Moore has been absent for six months taking a course in the School of Photography in McMinnville, Tenn. A group of men gathered around Sunday to recall with many chuckles the evening last summer when young Moore boarded his craft for a moon-light sail. Anticipating his plans, some hard-working club members exerted themselves to lash the keel of the boat to the submerged piers dock. Dick boarded the boat with two couples, and to the tune of running suggestions from the shore, hoisted jib sheets, let 'em down, sweated, toiled, and even rowed, yet the boat remained placidly anchored. Nothing moved but tongues; the moonlight was enjoyed from the dock.

* * *

Dick is expected to return to the lure of the mighty Ontario the last of June. When not established in his light-house-keeping locker, his home is in Plymouth Avenue South. He calls his sail-boat the "Caroline."

* * *

Edgar presumably isn't a prodigal spender. As he entered the Sagamore the other night, with a young woman at his side, I overheard the following conversation between two of the shingle bobbed cult:

"Who is the girl with Edgar?"

"Just a little gold digger, my dear."

"Well, *what* is she doing with Edgar?"

* * *

Walter Folmer, who last summer was our best dressed stock actor, is in town for a few weeks. I saw him the other night with Sister Elsie, better known as

Dickie, in the Sagamore. In time their little twosome was considerably expanded, and Kathleen Fisher, looking like the Mona Lisa, with her dark hair pulled tightly over her cheeks, her guest, Nell Moorefield—Nell calls herself Nell Moorefield, having been born and bred in good old Gwa-ja, Junie Kondolf and Fritz Deininger, all, apparently, under the chaperonage of Dorothy Fisher Hughes.

"Wilder than ever. A fellow can hardly stand the pace any more."

* * *

Pete said that he often saw Teedy Robinson in Paris, and that he and Gwen Brewster (Gwen is now in town, by the way) saw a lot of sights together.

* * *

Maurice, the American dancer, and Leonora Hughes, his partner, often sat

HOSS' MEN



Captain Jim Sam Wadsworth, Major S. J. Macy and C. L. Whiting, at the paddock rail at Avon.

The younger girls were quite romantic about Mr. Folmer. "He lives the most interesting life," one of them told me in an awed aside. "Get's up every afternoon at 5 o'clock, has breakfast, and then begins his day. He hardly ever goes to bed until 9 o'clock in the morning."

* * *

And Nell was "off me" because I asked her if Mr. Folmer had a milk route in the Metropolis.

* * *

Another night at the Sagamore I saw Bobby Ranlet, Billy Scrantom and Pete Perkins.

Pete had arrived, only a few days before, from Gay Paree. Several months he had passed in the pleasant confines of that riotous city.

"The town is going wild," he opined.

at Pete's table in the Claridge. In fact, the night Leonora was stricken with appendicitis, she was there.

"Funny thing," said Pete. "She put her hand suddenly to her side, and said she had a terrible pain. She rushed out and left us, and we didn't know until next day she had lost her appendix."

* * *

Loretto D. Noonan, oldest daughter of W. T. Noonan, president of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railroad, is an ardent collector of autographs.

Sometime ago when Mr. Noonan left for a trip to the Pacific coast in the interest of his railroad, Loretto insisted that he take with him her autograph book. He packed it in a traveling bag, where it would always be ready to his hand, and when he returned the book was quite filled with the names of many distinguished and

well known men Mr. Noonan met in his journey.

* * *

At one place in the west Mr. Noonan acquired the signatures of David Warfield, Will Rogers and Al Jolson. Later Gene Burne, the creator of the "regular fellow" cartoon and Sam Blythe, the famous Washington correspondent, wrote messages to Miss Loretto. At another point, Mr. Noonan presented his daughter's book to Galli Curci and won the favor of her famous signature.

* * *

I saw Miss Loretto, by the way, sitting at the head of a long table in the tea tent at the Avon Horse Show Saturday. She, Barbara Smith, Georgiana Sibley, Isabel Buell, Laura Gordon, Betty Adams and Marcia Meigs were all being entertained by Mrs. George C. Gordon.

* * *

It was rather amusing the other day to hear that the Chatterbox Club had rejected two extremely charming young women for membership, not because the girls themselves were lacking in friends, but because the question of "family" had been rather pertinently introduced before the balloting.

* * *

On the fingers of two hands one could easily count the persons in town endowed both with wealth and family. I always think of that rare bit from David Harum when I hear someone, in words or substance, propounding that question: "Just who *were* they before they acquired their money?"

* * *

Dave, perhaps you recall, was invited to dinner at the Newport home of a very wealthy social leader. During the course of the dinner, his host asked him if he hadn't been impressed with all the millionaires he had seen during the afternoon.

"Wa'll," said David, "if all them fellers we seen this afternoon, that air over fifty, c'd be got together, an' some one was suddenly to holler, "LOW BRIDGE!" I'll bet nineteen out o' twenty'd duck their heads."

* * *

Some get brick-bats; others gather bouquets. A daily example of the success of the "Voice with the smile" policy is found in Traffic Officer Albert J. Bartlett, at the busy Goodman Street and East Avenue corner. This genial "cop" numbers his

friends by the hundreds and the efficacy of his genial, alert methods is found in the order that prevails at his vantage point. Sedate matrons in shining limousines and bareheaded debs in sport cars watch with equal pleasure for his ever-cordial salute.

* * *

Recently it became noised about that Officer Bartlett was making a firm effort to ride off with one of the big cars in the contest conducted by the Rochester Herald. From one mouth to another on the avenue went the news that this good-natured "cop" who reviewed thousands of cars daily, wants a car of his own. From that time, cars stopped opposite Bartlett's post, while the drivers handed out checks to be used for subscriptions, or gave verbal subscriptions. Sometimes the amount was small; again I hear that several checks were of generous proportions. Mrs. Bartlett, too, has been working hard for the family victory, and the name Officer Bartlett usually brings prompt response.

Which proves that we all remember, cherish, and yearn to preserve, that rare gem, a good-natured "cop."

country place, Ashantee, and several other Avon and Geneseo people had house guests.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ayer of Myopia, Mass., who are prominent in horse circles in and around Boston, and Mrs. Aubrey Lewis, of Jamaica, West Indies, were guests of Mrs. Wadsworth. During the afternoon Mrs. Aubrey rode several of Mrs. Wadsworth's crack jumpers.

* * *

Because of a mistake in advertising the first class for 2 o'clock, instead of 12 noon, many persons failed to reach Avon until the middle of the programme. However, by the time the last few events were being judged, all of the automobile parking places were filled and the crowd around the Tea Tent was large.

* * *

Several prominent Buffalo sports people motored over for the afternoon, and I saw Harry Adsit, the crack polo player and rider, with Captain Launcelot Gibbs and Walter Yates, around the paddock. Walter Yates came over with his sister, Virginia, but neither Mr. Yates nor Miss

INTERESTED SPECTATORS



Mrs. T. R. Finucane, Mrs. Franklin Jones and Mrs. George F. Houston at the Avon Horse Show.

Although the men on the "gate" didn't believe that the Avon Horse Show was as well attended last Saturday as in the past, the gathering certainly was representative of Rochester and Upper Valley Society. Mrs. Herbert W. Wadsworth entertained several out of town guests at her beautiful

Virginia appeared in the ring during the afternoon, no Yates Farm horses having been sent over.

* * *

Her many friends were pleased to see Ruth Withington around again. Miss Withington, who has been seriously ill,

motored up to the show with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beardsley and Atkinson Allen. I understand that Ruth is making quite a name for herself as an interior decorator in Washington and other large eastern centers.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kidd and Mr. and Mrs. Corrin Strong arrived late, but were assigned an advantageous position over on the far side of the show ring fence. Howard said he was delayed in his trip to Avon by a couple of policemen on motorcycles, who seemed to think that a Packard touring car ought to be driven at the speed of a one lung flivver.

* * *



Mrs. Ernest F. Jenkins and a prize winning hunter.

* * *

Everyone was wondering about the small girl who rode some of Mrs. Wadsworth's entries in a saddle class. I asked Mrs. Wadsworth about her and found that she was Doris Rebban, seven year old daughter of the head stable man at Ashantee.

"Isn't she a wonder?" enthused Mrs. Wadsworth. "She is absolutely fearless, and has ridden most of the big jumpers in our stables."

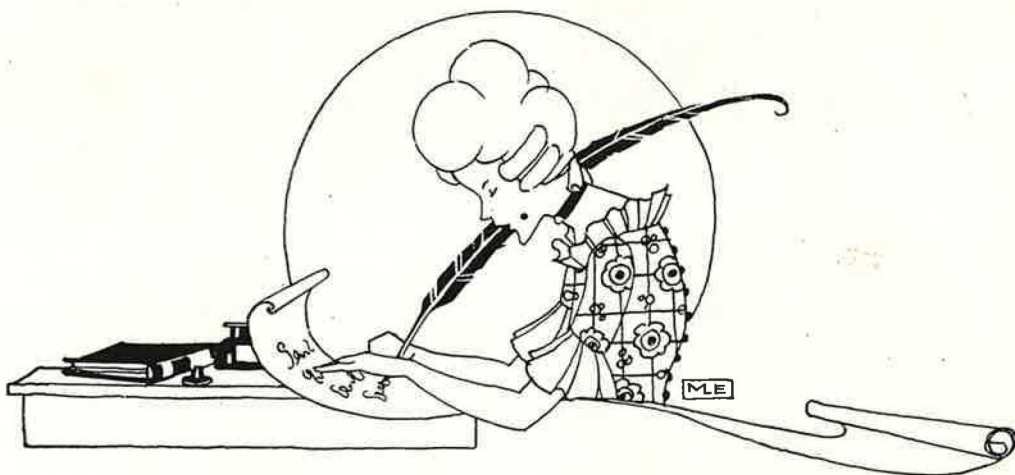
* * *

The horsemen missed Colonel N. C. Shiverick, who is always a conspicuous figure at the Avon show. Colonel Shiverick was over at Syracuse attending a convention for reserve officers.

* * *

Saturday was the first time that many persons had seen Mrs. W. Stuart Syming-

Continued on page 13



URBANITIES

"GOING up the Valley Saturday?"

"Of course!"—astonished at the question, for who does not go up the Valley on that Saturday in June when the Horse Show takes place?

* * *

Even if one does not care for horses and frankly turns one's back on the ring, one meets friends. And it's an opportunity not to be overlooked for the wearing of a particularly smart sport dress or perhaps the newest checks in knickers.

* * *

Last Saturday was perfect, just about as near to Heaven as anyone can ever get. There were clouds like great fleecy feather beds and it was—the spring we've been waiting for.

* * *

"Do smile and let me take your picture," the persistent photographer said.

"Oh no, go away, I can't bear to have my picture taken!" And you'd duck your head and look frightfully self conscious.

* * *

"Please take the lollipop out of your mouth, Miss Brewster. No one will recognize you!"

"Don't want to be recognized!" Gwenny retorts.

But it is nice when they make us feel we're so important.

* * *

It's the reporters' Mecca. They beam with pure joy. "That's Miss Cory over there. Yes, the lovely person in yellow and white. And the one with her—Oh, that must be Mrs. Symington, who's just come to live in town. Isn't she— isn't she?"

She is and she usually affects people that way.

* * *

Hubert Chanler was feeling very aggrieved as he followed in his attractive sis-

ter's wake. "Gee, wish people wouldn't insist on thinking I'm Porter and congratulating me. Gee."

But Beebo, who's engagement to Porter Chanler has just been announced, seemed to think it pretty funny.

* * *

What did everyone wear? No one knows. But everyone looked marvelous, so it doesn't really matter.

* * *

"How come you haven't on all your glad rags?" Some one asked Mr. Jim Sam Wadsworth.

"Look!" he said sadly, and as son Bub appeared in all his glory the mystery was explained.

* * *

"Isn't Carol Gouverneur pretty? Isn't Mrs. Finucane thrilling. Look at her snaky car. Wow!" So gasped the prep school person, all in one breath.

* * *

"Buy a balloon!" Extraordinary voice to be selling balloons. Round the corner came Cornelia Ray Buell looking very beautiful and statuesque, even with a handful of balloons.

* * *

"Or a lollipop please!" This from Eleanor and Pussy Clements. "Oh, please buy a lollipop!"

* * *

Accordingly Hans Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Weller and Captain Allen were all seen watching the show seriously, and almost as seriously, eating lollipops.

* * *

Who rides the best, you or Bill?"

Pete and Billy Macy each look at the other and say politely, "He does." But when they are all alone with no one around to hear them, each says, "I do!"

Continued on page 14

SPORTS

AVON'S FINE SHOW

ROCHESTER sport lovers and society folk flocked to the old fair grounds at Avon last week for the tenth annual horse show held under the direction of the Avon Horse Show Association. The event was favored by glorious weather, the entries were of excellent caliber, and the spectacle of hundreds of brilliantly attired women around the white ring fence added the final touch to a picture that was close to perfect.

There is an informality about the Avon show that is always pleasing to me. I like the manner in which the most gorgeous society women and the most rustic farmers rub elbows at the ring fence and freely exchange opinions on the merits of this or that jumper. A man in blue jeans may talk to a railroad president, and be listened to with an ear that respects authoritative opinions.

As usual, upper valley horses carried off the major share of the winnings, with

four blues going to Major S. J. Macy's entries from Raceway Lodge, and two to the hunters from the Ashantee stables of Mrs. H. W. Wadsworth.

Major Macy's hunters showed the results of careful early season schooling, and some of them were going in form that, if maintained, should make them warm favorites for some of the hunt classes at the big Rochester Horse Show later in the summer.

C. L. Whiting, the Rochester horseman, celebrated his return to the Avon show as an exhibitor, when his Dinalle triumphed over the entries from both Raceway Lodge and Ashantee.

To the surprise of the rail birds, Mr. Whiting's champion saddle horse, Twilight Hour, was beaten in the class for saddle horses 15-2 hands and under, a class in which the famous gelding has won sixteen championships. The judges awarded the blue in this event to Maimie Cleaver, entered by F. W. Whaley from Buffalo.

L. B. Jones, another Rochester horseman, scored a popular win Magua in the class for saddle horses over 15-2 hands.

First and second in the open jumping class, one of the most sporting events on

the programme, went to Buffalo entries, Texas Star, entered by Otis J. Cox and Pegasus owned by J. T. Shanahan taking first and second respectively.

* * *

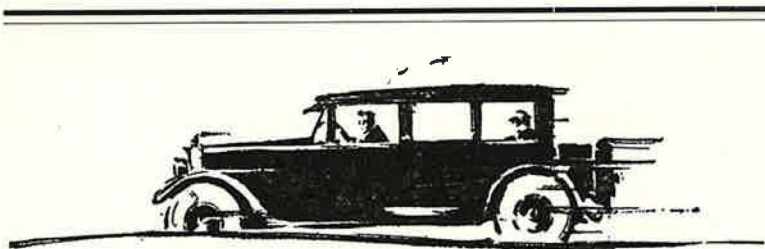
COX'S BID FOR THE OLYMPICS

By qualifying in the 5,000 meter run at the Eastern Olympic try-outs at the Yankee Stadium, last week, William J. Cox, student at Mercersburg Academy, whose home is in this city, today will have an opportunity of running in the final try-outs in the Harvard Stadium.

Cox found last Saturday that he greatly lacked staying power. On the advice of Tom Keane, one of the Olympic Team coaches, he has this week been jogging long distances over the meadows of Genesee Valley Park in an eleventh hour effort to acquire a foundation of stamina that should have been laid weeks ago.

The first four men to finish in today's race will go to Paris. If Cox "runs all the way," if he determines to fight right through to the tape, it is very possible that his luggage will be stowed aboard the America when she sails for France next week with the country's Olympic hopes.

Continued on page 14



COME with us for a ride in a balloon-tired Marmon.

Get out to the pike where there's plenty of sea-room

Hit that chuck hole head on.

—and she merely nods pleasantly.

Hit those railroad tracks.

—just like riding over ripples in a motor boat.

M A R M O N



Do You Appreciate

GOOD CLOTHES

IF YOU are familiar with clothes of the higher type—and know the pleasure of wearing them—you will be an enthusiastic McFarlin customer

The Prices are remarkable in comparison to the clothes

McFARLIN CLOTHING CO.

110-116 Main Street, East



DRAMATICS AND MOVIES



THE LYCEUM

"O H, m'gosh! Oh, my dear! Say, I can't stand much more—I'm simply petrified. I just know I won't sleep a wink to-night. Why will she stand by that door? There comes the panel—ow-w—OOH! WOOH-OH!"

And there you have the audience for "The Cat and the Canary," the mystery melodrama which the Vaughan Glaser Players have been unraveling this week at the Lyceum. Just why it is that these timid souls who shiver and shriek aloud at the sight of a door-knob turning, or a hidden passage gliding down, will persist in going to mystery plays and working up cold chills and fever, when for no money at all they could stay home and bolt the door, and never raise a hair—that is a complex beyond solution.

Monday night found a bright boy down in front with a patent cigar lighter, and in the pitchy, quivery darkness when all lights were extinguished and that colored maid moaned "Der's spirits all aroun' us," then this merry rogue snapped on his patent flare and brought out one more yelp from those around him. Never within memory has the Lyceum housed such nervous, noisy audiences—but perhaps it was just a tribute to the real thrills provided by the hard-working company. The Glaser Players, by the way, did exceedingly well with this unusually clever story.

I remember when the original production came through town last winter, one of the real kicks in the performance was staged near the close of the last act, when in the doorway loomed a gaunt, tall figure of such uncanny appearance as to convey the impression that here was the dreaded maniac who has been pursuing us. Well, the door opened, and there was the old boy in the black slouch hat and the frowzy frock coat, but lo, a second glance told us it was just our Vaughan, so instead of being half scared to death, we knew everything must be all right, and all applauded lustily. Takes more than a hat to fool us, Vaughan!

"Stirring scenes, intense love interest and real heart gripping drama," all coming next week in "The Shepherd of the Hills," says the publicity man. Here's hoping!

—L. S.

THE CINEMA

THE three course motion picture meal that this writer experiences each Sunday in his peregrinations about to Rochester's largest cinema theaters is most astounding—in a retrospect. For instance, this Sabbath day of the past week, he sojourned with the "Lilies of the Field" in the Eastman Theater, where Corinne Griffith, called a patrician beauty, went through all the throes of an unjustly divorced woman deprived of her child. She attempted to tear out our heart strings and play throbbing, emotional music on them after she had strung them not sufficiently tight, on the harp of her own conception of the part.

From the "Lilies," filled with a more or less intense sympathy for stricken mothers, who have to play fashion model to live, this correspondent for "FIVE O'CLOCK" went to the Regent where he was shown "When A Man's A Man," a regular old style, shooting, roaring, rough-riding "Western," touched up, of course, with tender bits of love, a few specks of comedy and the altruism of a young man who decided to be a "man."

Then—ah then—to the Piccadilly where Pola Negri, queen of screen passion, was giving mere man the fruits of vengeance that only a person of the stage importance of "Cleo," toast of all Paris, could give. Delicious fruits all packed in a Bon Voy-

age Box. And so skilfully did she bestow these fruits that when the voyager, sailing always away from her, opened his box of delicacies he found naught but an empty carrier. However "Men," Miss Negri's vehicle, and her first under new direction, is, this writer believes, the best on the local screen last week. It brought back the Pola Negri given to us in her first productions shown in America. It is difficult to say just what has been happening to this justly popular actress during many of her recent pictures. Certainly she was either dollar struck, or badly directed, cast and handled. Her films lacked in spirit, she seemed careless, flaccid. The queen of passion had become worn out, and her attempts at intensities were always touched with a staginess that was boring and she was made to act in simulated scenes as devoid of atmosphere as the blank canvas upon which a picture is to be painted.

In "Men" Miss Negri begins to come back. There is something of the old fire. The setting and staging is thoughtfully, carefully done and atmospheres, true to the theme of the tale, are created. One feels in it the touch of a good director and a good photographer. In other words, here is a picture, that, while unimportant in theme—it is so old—is well enough done to be worthy of serious attention.

Continued on page 12

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT *is known*
as the author of the world's best sellers

The Dramatization of his Famous Novel

The Shepherd of the Hills

is the offering by

The Vaughan Glaser Players

at
the LYCEUM

The Week of June 16th

WITH MATINEES ON TUESDAY—THURSDAY—SATURDAY

WEEK of
June 23

"Daddy Long Legs"

The Comedy
of
Youth



She told me

.... IT WAS DISGRACEFUL. They broke up the dinner by wrangling over the problem why Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold killed the Franks boy.

And at the Avon Horse Show, she said, the gallery talked about inhibitions and complexes instead of two-year-old hunters and polo ponies.

* * *

LIFE, which is a *Drama of Love and Death*, is mostly concerned with creation and destruction of other life. In this, the art of killing plays an important role. Everybody is fascinated by the latest murder; perhaps because most of us could mention a few acquaintances for whom we would be glad to mourn at a first class funeral. At the same time, we lack the courage of our convictions and do not dare to make such a ceremony possible.

But the Franks murder is inexplicable. No adequate motive appears. Robert Franks, aged 14, was killed by Loeb and Leopold, aged 19, because he happened to meet them when they felt like killing.

Had they committed the crime for love, money, advertising, patriotism or envy, we would have been able to understand it. And if sufficient love, money, advertising, patriotism or envy were involved, we would condone it.

* * *

So the argument raged while the dinner grew cold.

"They lacked religious training," announced the Churchman. "They killed because they were never taken to Sunday School."

At the other end of the table, the Surgeon's lips curled away from his teeth.

"Of course, that explains it," purred the man of science. "It was because the *New England Puritans* never went to Sunday School that they burned witches. It

was because the Spaniards lacked religious education that they established the *Inquisition*. It was because the French were unorthodox that they celebrated the *Massacre of Saint Bartholomew*. And the famous atheists like Franklin, Ingersoll, Tom Paine and Voltaire have always been notorious as child-killers."

The Clergyman colored, slightly. A scientific viewpoint is sometimes embarrassing to him.

"Those murders in the name of the Church were a long time ago," he apologized, and hated the Surgeon for placing him upon the defensive, a trick the surgeon has.

"I remember one about a year ago," continued the Surgeon, with a sneer. "Over on Caledonia Avenue, a man named Wheeler, a very religious man, murdered his three children....."

"Was it not a shame that the rain spoiled Lilac Sunday?" asked the Clergyman.

* * *

"VERY simple," said the Professor of Political Economy. "They killed Franks because they had too much money."

"Bunk," retorted the Bank Director. "Trouble with them was they'd been reading *Bernard Shaw* and socialism. That explains it."

"Sure," agreed the Professor. "*Shaw* and the socialists financed the World War."

"They heard too much jazz music," suggested the Violinist. "They had neglected to study harmony."

"It is the effect of the war," added the Pacifist. "All crime is the result of the war."

"If Loeb and Leopold had had military training," said the Major, "if they'd been brought up under military discipline it would never have happened."

"Proved by the conduct of the German soldiers in France and Belgium," added the Pacifist.

* * *

EVERYBODY at the table glared at everybody else. A wholesale battle seemed impending. Never before had the clergyman believed so devoutly in Hell. He was confident it was the place where the Surgeon belonged.

And the Surgeon secretly wished he had the other stretched on his operating table, "with no ether in sight."

There was murder in the Banker's heart. There always is when he runs out of arguments. "Every socialist should be jailed," he asserted.

"One of my friends is an artist," remarked the Professor. "He was illustrating a new edition of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. He needed a model for the worst of the pirates. He told me he had searched through cheap saloons and lodging houses without success. He found plenty of weak faces but not one brutal enough for his purpose. He asked me to get him a permit to visit Auburn prison."

"Huh," grunted the Banker, "He should have gone there to see you."

"So," returned the other, "I took him into one of the Rochester banks. I showed him the Vice-President. He was delighted. So was the Vice-President, who gladly posed for him since he could get a sketch for nothing. But my artist friend did not tell the Vice-President what he wanted to do with the duplicate sketch, which he kept. So if you look into this new edition of *Treasure Island*, notice the face of *Israel Hands*. It is a portrait of one of your friends. He used it for the line when Israel says, 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

The Banker has not spoken to the Professor since.

* * *

JUST then a motherly, elderly woman, with grey hair, spoke up. "They murdered this boy because they weren't spanked when they were little," she said.

The Major wished he had the Pacifist in his regiment, so he could detail him to dig trenches and work with the kitchen police. And the Pacifist wished he had the Major tied and gagged, so he could tell him exactly what he thought of him.

* * *

BUT it remained for the Efficiency Engineer to sum up the whole argument.

Continued on page 15

TRAFFIC RULES AND PARK PETTING

IN these midvictrolian days when youth is being served with everything from synthetic gin to criminal warrants, George's flapper friend thinks something ought to be done about the traffic problem. George, who has had a few difficulties of his own since the evenings became warm enough to permit of outdoor sports, is inclined to agree and sympathize and says he's going to do something about it.

Phillis the Flapper says that the people who are making the traffic laws do not stop to reason that petters and pettees have their rights, and that any inclination of the Age of Chivalry to return is being discouraged by the foolish regulations that prohibit park parking and that insist that petting parties shall keep moving and in the light. For if knights were bold in olden times, they are no less bold today, but they can't work very well with a whole book of rules to hinder them.

For instance, she cites the case of Leander, who shivered and shuddered all the way across the Hellespont just to be with his sweetie in her tower at Lesbos. One sad morning his dank body was found on the rocks, and Phillis says the tragedy was directly due to the failure of the traffic system, which allowed the light on Lesbos to go out.

But no knights were ever so bold as they are today. They look neither to one side or the other; neither does their left hand know what their right hand is doing. If they see signals at all, it is but dimly. They are fully given over to knighthood and its duties and pursuits—and some pursuits they are, take it from Phillis!

Therefore she thinks the traffic rules ought to be revised to accommodate these young knights instead of being aimed at restraining them, and she argues thusly: You can't stop 'em anyway, so why try? And besides all these rules against parking on the highways and in the parks—and what are parks for if not for parking?—are in direct antagonism to love's young dream, which is a pretty well established institution and not to be interfered with

lightly. It makes no difference where this dreaming takes place, whether in a sumptuous limousine or in the most ramshackle flivver that ever bumped and bounced over hill and dale or hurdled mud puddle and gully; the blissful imperturbability goes on and on regardless of traffic rules. So why have rules, argues Phillis.

In order to convince me of the uselessness of attempts to restrain or restrict the aforesaid love's young dream, Phillis invited me to accompany her on a petting party with one of the knightly chauffeurs *de luxe*, a good-looking owner (temporary or permanent, there was no way of determining) of a better-looking car. This young knight immediately took his life in his hands and also Phillis, who was out with rosy cheeks (I don't know where the roses came from) and lips incarnadine. He placed all his faith in one lone finger, which was nonchalantly kept upon the steering wheel.

Then he took the finger off the wheel because he needed both hands to impress Phillis with the fact that he thought well of her.

In place of manual manipulation this young knight, suitor, gentleman friend, beau, jelly bean or flipper, guided the wheel with his knee. Incredible as this may seem, it is a fact, and I learned that this method of steering is becoming a fine art. What is the use of rules when motor-ing has developed into such a perfection?

And as for parking, Phillis says it is positively a humane thing to remove all restrictions from the country roads and allow the parties to pet and park where they wish, "Very young necks were not meant to be broken," she declares, and if this knee-steering is made necessary by the stern commands of the law to keep moving, then on the law's head be the resultant maimings.

It's a perfectly good argument that Phillis has, and she and George are going to see sheriff and Commissioner Bareham and find out what can be done about it.

JIM HANK.

HOTEL MANITOU

Special Plates and
Table d'Hote
Dinners

\$1.25 to \$2
or A la Carte Service

DANCING
with Vincent Lopez'
Manitou Hotel Orchestra

every evening except
Sunday, 6:30 to 12:30

Sunday Concerts
2 to 3 and 6 to 9

COOPER



Designer of Gowns for
Rochester's
Best Dressed Women



106 East Avenue

The GENERAL Balloon Cords

Do you know you can get GENERAL Balloon Cords to fit your present wheels?

STONE 6204

GENERAL TIRE SALES CO., Inc.

297 East Avenue



JAY FAY DEPARTS

ON a recent Saturday morning on the way to the day's labor I was accompanied by a friend not a resident of Rochester. In the vicinity of one of the junior high schools his attention was drawn to numbers of boys and girls each carrying a case obviously containing a musical instrument, and all converging toward the high school building.

"For the love of Orpheus!" he exclaimed. "Do you make musicians here as soon as they are able to walk and do they begin playing each day before breakfast?"

I assured him that we were not quite so advanced (?) as a musical center as that, and then explained to him the system by which our boys and girls are given practical instruction in ensemble playing and the success that has attended the work of high school bands and orchestras. During the recital of facts with which I was none too familiar he uttered successive exclamations of wonder and then rather shamed me with his grasp of the importance of what I had been telling him:

"Why, man, man, man! In another generation the child who is not an expert musician in Rochester will be the exception instead of the contrary! That's the biggest musical work of which I have ever heard!"

* * *

THE other day I read rather casually among the other items of local news that Jay W. Fay is going to leave Rochester to accept a position as musical instructor in Louisville, Ky., and, somehow, what my visiting friend had exclaimed returned to me. The announced departure of Mr. Fay is one of those unfortunate proddings that are necessary to bring us to a consciousness of the value of persons or things that we have accepted casually.

For five years Jay Fay has been teaching music in the public schools, and in that five years I have never known him to lose any whit of his enthusiasm or to fail to envision any of the importance of his work. He has been a man with a mission and an ambition, and week after week and day after day, he has toiled and taught, full of ardor and musical spirit. Honors have come to him and he has been modest about them. Great institutions

have invited him to come and tell of his work, and there have been wafted back to Rochester reports of the enthusiasm which he has communicated to other places.

Jay Fay estimates that during the period he has been supervisor of instrumental music in the Rochester public schools no less than 2,500 pupils have become proficient musicians under his tutelage. At present there are about 1,500 under his instruction. These are really modest figures, for in five years many times 2,500 pupils have come under the influence of Jay Fay's enthusiasm, and it is impossible to enumerate the thousands to whom his musical appreciations and culture have been communicated.

Considerable of a monument for one man to leave in a town!

* * *

It is not such a tremendously difficult job to be a director of instrumental music in public schools: all one needs to know is the technique of all musical instruments and have the ability to impart that technique to others; to have at the mind's command all the music of the instrumental library and to be able to display by practical example just how to play it; to be a performer, a conductor and a teacher rolled into one.

In our musical experiences we have rarely met a man with such an eclectic ability as that of Jay Fay. He plays all instruments—wind or string—and none of them in mediocre fashion. I have seen him switch from 'cello to trombone and then to clarinet and bass viol without so much as a comment. But he has been no mere musical trickster or quick-change artist.

It has not been altogether in his technical instruction in which Jay Fay has left an impress upon youthful musical Rochester: he has had a greater mission than that, a mission to cultivate and encourage a musical appreciation through teaching the means to express it. With unvaried good musical taste he has selected the programs for his young pupils to play, and he has brought to them a vast enthusiasm for the good in music and implanted a distaste for what is merely pretty or cheaply melodious.

I remember with distinct pleasure the series of "memory concerts" that were played under Mr. Fay's direction a couple of seasons ago, when every programme was crammed with excellent music and

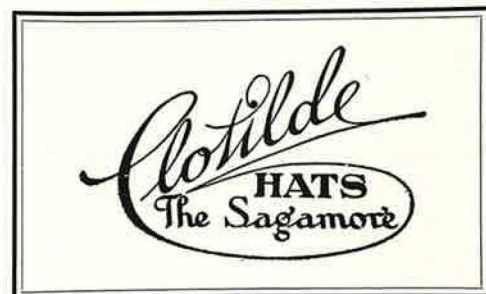
THE CINEMA

Continued from page 9

It has brought back Miss Negri and once more she is well cast in a good cast.

This coming week offers Jacqueline Logan in "The Dawn of Tomorrow" at the Eastman; Nita Naldi, the star who is gradually growing corpulent, will be at the Piccadilly. It is said that she will bring Matt Moore to "The Breaking Point," while the Regent will show "Broadway After Dark," which sounds like a scenic, but might well be a "penny dreadful."

—D.



Frocks

of exquisite
charm and
daintiness
for Summer Days

SELECTIONS — infinite in diversity of fabric, color and manner of treatment — for every Summer occasion. Prints, Summer Silks, Linens, Voiles, Sport Crepes, Tub Silks, Tailleur Crepes and New Challis at well-defined price moderation.



The Harry Duffy Co.
66 East Avenue

Continued on page 13

MUSIC

Continued from page 12

when there was such a tender regard for the old and the classic. Such events cannot help but remain permanently fixed in our musical appreciations.

* * *

JAY W. FAY is leaving Rochester, for a position that is a flattering acknowledgment of his abilities. He has done a great musical work here and leaves behind him as a monument a generation of music lovers who, in their turn, will rear another generation and thus build toward the perfect city—which, in my opinion, would be made up altogether of musicians.

—T.

* * *

GLEANINGS

Continued from page 7

ton since she and her husband settled in Rochester.

All during the afternoon Mrs. Symington was seen around the tea tent, and in a large, highly resplendent motor car not far from the tea tent, with Miss Jane Cory. I wouldn't dare attempt to describe her costume; but it fitted the setting perfectly, and made her absolutely beguiling. Miss Cory, in all white sport clothes, was more lovely, it seemed, than ever. As a man near me remarked:

"One of those young women, alone, is sufficient to make a man stop, turn and look, with utter disregard for decorum. But the two of them together are absolutely devastating."

* * *

Jim Sam Wadsworth managed to get down, although he had some trouble "up on the farm" that almost prevented his arrival. It seems that one of Jim Sam's fillies caught her foot in a wire fence, and the old timer had to cut the fence down to save her a broken leg.

There is a new younger set in the making. I saw them around the tea tent, where they were acting as waitresses. Jane Buell, a most interesting young person, her sister, Alice, and Julia Stebbins; "Pussy" Clements, just back from Dobbs, and half a dozen others. They seem to be not quite so noisy as the "younger set" of last year. But they certainly are fully as attractive.

* * *

Mrs. H. V. Colt, whose husband managed the American polo team in its last English invasion, was around the paddock rail all afternoon. She seemed particularly interested in the performance of the Wadsworth jumpers, and followed with keen eyes her husband's horses as they were rushed up to the jumps. Mrs. Colt, who came over from Europe last year, is at present occupying her country home south of Geneseo.

* * *

Twenty dollars for an all day sucker! That was the price paid by William T. Noonan. Mr. Noonan was circulating in the vicinity of the tea tent, when he was approached by one of the young and attractive Dobbs Ferry girls.

"Have a sucker?" said the girl to Mr. Noonan.

The railroad president reached into a pocket of his correctly tailored clothes.

He drew forth a \$20 bill and tendered it to the girl.

"Oh, my," she cried. "I can't change that."

Mr. Noonan twirled his cane and started away.

"Keep the change," he called, as he turned toward the fence to watch one of the Macy jumpers negotiate a difficult hurdle.

—Archie.

LOUIS SHULMAN & COMPANY

CLOTHES BUILDERS

90 East Avenue
AT GIBBS STREET

PHONE
Main 3950

O'HARA

Millinery

50 East Avenue
Rochester, New York

the latest
Books at
SMITH'S
Clarence W. Smith
Sagamore Arcade 117-119 East Avenue

STRAW HATS

Styled to suit the
discriminating wearer

\$3 to \$5

John B. Watkins
61 East Ave.

Beautiful Wedding Gifts at Moderate Prices

CHINA GLASS SILVER
DECORATIVE OBJECTS POTTERY LAMPS

Dudley, Given, Simpson
INCORPORATED
Eleven East Avenue

TROOP F ~ Rochester's Own Cavalry

WILL PRESENT ITS FINEST

Horse Show and Exhibition
on the New Turf in Culver Road

Saturday, June 21 at 2:30 o'clock

Classes will include Saddle, Hunter and Polo Ponies

Parking space including admission \$3 and \$4. General Admission 50 cents

SPORTS

Continued from page 8

THE BEST OF THE AMATEURS

THE showing of Robert Jones, who finished second in the terrifically contested open championship over the Marathon course of the Oakland Hills Club in Detroit last week, stamps the Atlanta player as the greatest amateur golfer this country has known. In the last three championships, one of which Jones won, the former Harvard boy has displayed a competitive spirit that makes him the equal of the leading professional devotees of the sport. A lone amateur battling for his title with a group of the leading—and most hungry—professionals is a spectacle that contains not a little dramatic element. Jones didn't win, but the fight he made in defense of his crown was superb.

* * * *Sportsman*

URBANITIES

Continued from page 7

Where was Bobby Jones? He always rides and there are certain people who go to the show just to clap for him. But he wasn't there.

* * *

"Have you ever tasted Silver King Water?" Eddie Harris wanted to know.

"New stuff, Brewster Gordon just put in. Gee, it's great. Holds the bubble longer than———Whatever else he said was a blur. At any rate—several men suddenly got together and looked interested.

* * *

"Get off that horse and let James ride him," Mr. Ingle commanded when he saw that the jumps were sky scrapers.

"No," said Florence, who likes them that way. "I'm going to ride."

"Get off," insisted Mr. Ingle, and, reluctantly, in the end, Florence "got off."

* * *

Mr. Gardner West, the well known judge, says the valley horses are aristocrats. Mr. Gardner West is very nice. He is particularly nice when he says such delightful things. Besides, they are true.

* * *

The Avon Horse Show is probably Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth's and Major Macy's Christmas. Between them they stage a real show. Mrs. Wadsworth knows the pedigree of any horse that was ever born with a pedigree worth knowing. Sil Macy says he does too. Besides, he can make a tremendous noise with a megaphone, wears a delightful hat band, and is generally effective around the ring.

"Why haven't they a band?"

Just then someone heard a squeak and there sat Hughie Barrett's orchestra. Hughie's orchestra, unbeatable in the Sagamore, was somewhat lost in the great outdoors. Nature does not appreciate syncopation. She prefers the Avon Brass Band.

* * *

At half-past twelve everything was ready. The show was about to begin. The world in general and the peace of all was perfect. Well groomed cars took their places around the neat, white washed railing. Better groomed horses waited impatiently at the gate.

* * *

And there he sat, the laborer, in the middle of the ring, leaning comfortably against a jump, sublimely unconscious of the universe about him, serenely aware of a morning's work well done. A dull blue blotch against the landscape, he ate his dinner from a shining tin pail, and while the eyes of the community dwelt balefully upon him, he peeled with keen anticipation, a gay, yellow banana.

—J. M. S.

* * *

BE sure of this, O Young Ambition, all mortal greatness is but disease.

—Herman Melville.

Keith's Temple Theatre

VAUDEVILLE  PICTURES

WEEK OF JUNE SIXTEENTH

**POWERS
ELEPHANTS***and other big acts**Also the feature picture***"TORMENT"**

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S gigantic drama of thrills. *Q* The cataclysmic drama of flaming human passions and earthquake upheavals. *Q* The thrill-a-minute, mile-a-minute action drama. *Q* The man who made "The Isle of Lost Ships" delirious another winner. A novelty chock full of action. *Q* The thriller of years with thousands to make it great. Owen Moore, Bessie Love and a cast of stars make this Tourneur's triumphant drama. *Q* Earthquake revelations to gasp at—chases on land and sea to thrill at—romance to won-

der over—and a climax that pulls you out of your seat. *Q* A chase around the world for the most notorious band of adventurers fiction has ever conceived. *Q* You know what Tourneur can do—see now his greatest effort. *Q* Written by William Dudley Pelley—and he's given us some of the greatest. *Q* The torment of gold—the torment of love—the torment of disaster, all blend here in wonderful entertainment.

Come away for a night and live through stirring Romance and Adventure.

*The
Tailored
Maid**is the Girl
of the
Hour*

And while she is going in for boyish suits, mannish waistcoats and sleeveless coats and sweaters, she must have plenty of tailored silk blouses. A frilly affair simply won't do this season.

Tailored overblouses of white silk crepe de chine and radium, \$10.50 to \$15.

Tailored tuck-in blouses of white crepe de chine and radium, \$8.75 to \$11.50.

Blouse Dept., Second Floor

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO.

EDITORIAL

Continued from page 3

public?) which is reposing on some dust-covered shelf in the archives of the local Pharaohs. We have had a Municipal Research Bureau functioning ever so long and, at intervals, issuing wordy complaints and suggestions, that invariably pass into the limbo of other forgotten things.

We take our experts so very easily here! They come and go like the seasons or the softly falling apple petals, and we heed them not except as we enjoy their presence for the nonce.

Immediately, therefore, we have disposed of the latest exigency by deciding to hire an expert, (Would not the water carnival have been as pleasant?) we start planning how we shall ignore the said expert and do exactly as we had planned in the first place. The Automobile Club, which is pretty much made up of the Gogs and Magogs of local affairs, has issued its ultimatum.

* * *

BUT we must not forget our penury! A City Hall in a beautiful site would cost us too much money, which we haven't at present. That ingenuous argument passes, although it is never explained why or how a City Hall on a free site should cost more than a similar building on a site costing several hundred thousands of dollars of the city money.

Oh, yes, politics in Rochester is a rare and wonderful thing!

Look upon our Common Council! There is a body of civic legislators unique in municipal experience! It is rare in history or fact to meet a legislative body so of one mind, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of harmony and so certain

of destinies and exigencies. It votes unanimously on all measures, votes without debate or question, and its sessions are marvels of complacently conducted confabs concerning civic conditions. It is said that the copy of *Roberts' Rules of Order* once provided to steer uncertain deliberative courses has been unused for many years: What is the use of a guide to deliberation when there is no deliberation to guide?

The Common Council, like other Rochester political functionings, is in perfect accord and harmony with itself and all the world, a beautiful thing to see, child-like in simple beauty, magnificent in unharassed complacency. It, too, is typical.

But that darned water carnival keeps sticking up its damp ghost-head to perplex us! Why, if the Common Council is so sure to vote unanimously and without question; why not lay it off and save enough thereby to give us the annual pageant?

* * *

WE are poor, very poor. But being poor is only an exigency, and we deal with exigencies here very neatly and very efficiently. Water carnivals, experts, city halls, Common Councils, are mere incidents. Politics goes serenely on its way, utilizing its duplex excuse of poverty and arguing both ways from the middle to prove us the best governed city on earth or anywhere else.

* * *

IF I fiddled while Rome burned, I met that exigency in the manner of a politician. But my reputation of the centuries is at stake.

—Nero's Ghost.

BUT—SHE TOLD ME

Continued from page 10

"Loeb and Leopold killed Franks because they knew too much," said the Efficiency Man. "They were too smart, that's the trouble with them. I never yet saw anything good come of being too smart."

"I'd feel perfectly safe in placing my children in your custody," suggested the Pacifist.

"Yes, sir. It doesn't pay to know too much." The Efficiency Engineer slapped his hand down on the table.

* * *

BOB, the talented bartender of the *Cynics' Club*, has another theory.

"Prohibition done it," said Bob. "Prohibition made them fellers mean. Instead of going out and gettin' drunk like regular guys, they killed this lad. They

hadn't ought to hang them, but they ought to hang them people who voted for prohibition. That's who ought to be hanged."

GEORGE S. BROOKS



MEET YOUR FRIENDS
DOWNTOWN

COME and enjoy an
hour's chat and relaxation in the pleasant
environment of the
Coffee Shoppe

The Odenbach
Coffee Shoppe
Clinton South

Bausch

OPTOMETRISTS

6 Main St. E,

105 East Ave.

3 and 5
East
Avenue

Whittle's

44-46
East Main
Street

Our Candy and Soda the standard
of the World

THE HOTEL SENECA
Beauty Salon

IS NOW OPEN

ZOE LOUISE PUTNAM's new establishment in the beautiful *Passagio Arcade* at the SENECA, offers milady most convenient and charming headquarters where her beauty requirements will be attended to by experts in the art of bobbing, marcelling, dressing and treating the hair. Shampooing, facials and manicuring deluxe. Creams and cosmetics. The pleasure of your patronage is invited

ZOE LOUISE PUTNAM

SALE

OF ENTIRE STOCK

An exceptional offering of surpassingly beautiful *Jewelry* and *Silver Ware*—at greatly reduced prices. Every piece has been personally selected for its beauty, workmanship and durability. Only a visit to our store will fully persuade you of the unusual values to be had.

HENRY OEMISCH CO.

SAGAMORE BUILDING

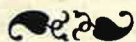
101 East Ave. Rochester, N.Y.

OYEZ!



OYEZ!

DON'T BE A
RIP VAN WINKLE



Read
FIVE O'CLOCK